

January 10, 1917

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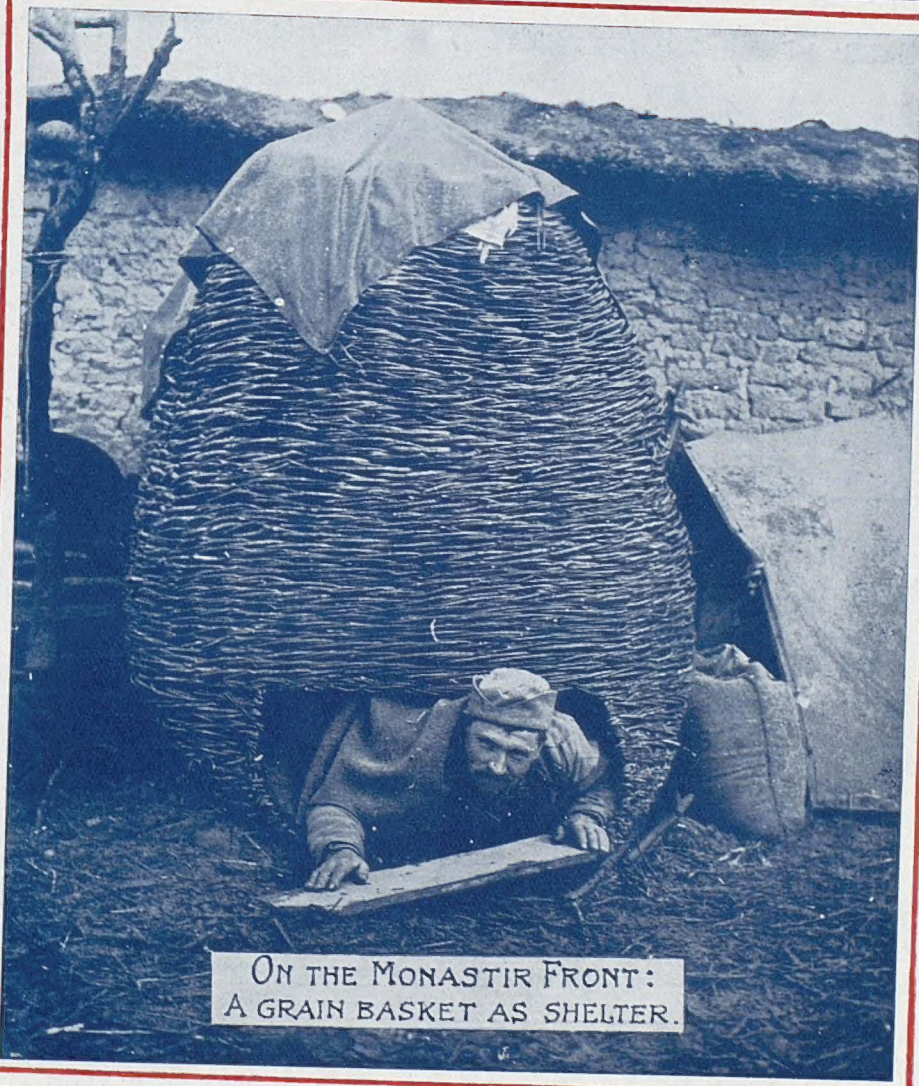
W.C.

THE ILLUSTRATED WAR NEWS,  
JANUARY 17, 1917.

1389  
EACH NUMBER COMPLETE IN ITSELF.

New Series. — PART 32

# THE ILLUSTRATED WAR NEWS



ON THE MONASTIR FRONT:  
A GRAIN BASKET AS SHELTER.



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IN DOUAUMONT FORT, VERDUN.

ON TWO WAR FRONTS.

WHERE A NEW BRITISH OFFENSIVE BEGAN RECENTLY: MESOPOTAMIA.

SCENES IN CAPTURED TURKISH TRENCHES AND ON THE TIGRIS.

THE "LIAISON" OFFICER IN ACTION.

THE TRENCH-MORTAR IN PREPARATORY BOMBARDMENT.

AN "UNHEALTHY" SPOT IN A SEA OF CLAY AND WATER IN FLANDERS.

A SHOCK OF INFANTRY ON THE ANCRE.

THE SERBIAN MOUNTAIN CAMPAIGN.

THE PRINCE REGENT IN THE VICTORIOUS ADVANCE.

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THE ILLUSTRATED WAR NEWS.

[Part 32]  
[New Series]—III

SEND IT TO THE TRENCHES,  
THE CAMPS, & THE HOSPITALS.

## "The Sketch"



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those who are

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are about to

DO THEIR BIT,

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Jan. 10, 1917

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may come out freely until December 12  
Orders have been given to the Com-  
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—[Photos. by C.N.]

TRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD.  
W.C.—WEDNESDAY, JAN. 10, 1917.

*The Illustrated War News, Jan. 17, 1917.—Part 32, New Series.*

# The Illustrated War News



"A BIG LOAN HELPS TO ENSURE VICTORY": MR LLOYD GEORGE AT THE GUILDHALL.

*Photograph by Sport and General.*



# THE GREAT WAR.

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

IT is obvious to anyone that the political, economic, and financial forces of the war are now developing a broad, deep, and extremely powerful offensive. This strength is not entirely sudden of development; but as at the Somme we were able to perceive dramatically before our eyes the result of two years' hidden and anonymous work, so in the past few days have we been able to perceive the dramatic and effective results of the new plan of concentrated national effort. As in the early days of the war every one spoke of the Big Push that would come "next spring," so for many days of the war everyone spoke of the need for determined control in food prices and food production, in shipping, finance, foreign affairs, and the like. As the Somme fulfilled the first of these hopes, so the past few days have seen the fulfilment of the second. The question of food prices is now being handled determinedly, and potatoes, wheat, and other necessary commodities have been tied down to fixed prices. The question of food production is receiving the same genuine attention: open spaces are being broken up industriously; the King, giving a lead, is turning his estates to greater and still more great production; and even

the London park is to produce potatoes instead of warnings to keep off the grass. Shipping, too, is coming in for practical, economic reorganisation. The call to strengthen and make overpowering

our financial position is yet ringing in our ears, and there is every indication that this appeal will meet with a sweeping and a victorious result; while in the difficult art of foreign affairs our new vigour seems to me to be shown not merely in the handling of our various Peace Notes, or in our dealings with the mercurial Greek King, or in the unifying aspect of the Rome Conference, but also in the attitudes of the neutrals, which, it seems to me, have become of late less vaguely friendly towards a cause they all knew was right. Certainly the howitzers and the battalions of national forces are being massed, and it is obvious that the blows of armies will have behind them the full and solid weight of nations.

Meanwhile, with this political and economic preparation there is also going on the manoeuvres and preparation of armies. Without a hint—and perhaps without

a possibility yet—of great encounters, the whole of the fronts of the war are volatile. The point of greatest interest is, perhaps, the fighting



THE FAMOUS NAVAL AIRMAN IN COMMAND OF THE SEAPLANE-CARRIER "BEN-MY-CHREE": WING-COMMANDER SAMSON.

In the recent despatch announcing the loss of H.M.S. "Cornwallis," the Admiralty notified that "H.M. Seaplane-carrier 'Ben-my-Chree' (Wing-Commander C. R. Samson, D.S.O.) was sunk by gun-fire in Kasteloryzo harbour, Asia Minor, on January 11. The only casualties were one officer and four men wounded."

Official Photograph



HAPPY AT GETTING OUT OF THE BATTLE-LINE: THE CHARACTERISTIC ASPECT OF MANY GERMAN PRISONERS TAKEN RECENTLY, AS THEY BRISKLY MARCH AWAY FROM THE FIGHTING-AREA.—[Photograph by C.N.]

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OF MANY GERMAN PRISONERS  
[Photograph by C.N.]

high up on the Russian front about Riga. Here the Russians, as in last winter, have made good use of their ability to fight under winter conditions, and have thrust forward their line in the region of the River Aa and the Tirul Marshes until at some points they have advanced four miles. It will be remembered that in the incidental fighting last year the Russians were able to push forward between the Gulf of Riga and Lake Babit, and also to the south of the lake, clearing the country as far as the Aa. Lower down, the marshes of Tirul presented a difficult barrier, and a movement which seemed to threaten the vital junction and dépôt of Mitau was held up. Winter having frozen-over the marshes, the Russians are going forward again; and while they show an ability to go forward, Mitau, which the

weakness before the Sereth lines which might lead them to call a halt.

The week still shows movement of the enemy against the Allied forces in Roumania, but still movement that appears less flexible and sweeping. With the fall of Focsani there arose a feeling that the Sereth lines were turned, but there were actually no indications that the Roumanians and the Russians had resolved to make their main stand anywhere else save behind the Sereth itself. Indeed, there are many clues pointing to the fact that the Allies are retiring through a series of prepared positions towards the Sereth, and that at each of those positions a brave rear-guard fight is being put up, sometimes with no small amount of local success. There is no suggestion of breakthrough, and so far only the right wing of the



LOOKING LIKE A CRATER-PITTED SECTION OF THE MOON'S SURFACE, AS SEEN THROUGH A TELESCOPE :  
THE SCARRED AND SHELL-HONEYCOMBED BATTLE-GROUND IN FRONT OF FORT DOUAUMONT, VERDUN, RECAPTURED  
BY THE FRENCH.—[From a German Paper.]

Germans cannot possibly afford to lose, is always in danger. That the Germans recognise this elementary fact is shown by the earnestness of their fighting in this district, and for the time the battle is fierce, with an inclination in favour of our Ally, though major importance has yet to develop from it. The fighting, too, is resolute lower down, in the old, much-debated Jobstadt sector, where the Russians have pushed ahead on the Dvina just above Dvinsk, and have cleared the Germans from the island of Glaudan, in spite of a very healthy resistance. What this battling might lead to—how far it may help to upset Hindenburg's plans, which are notoriously aimed against Russia—is yet to be shown. The fighting may do something to draw off the strain from the left wing of the long Eastern line, and thus give Mackensen and Falkenhayn that sense of

enemy has been able to come into contact on the Sereth; the rest of the line is swinging on this pivotal, and making a slow if definite advance riverwards. Allied reports are still optimistic; but it will be best to incline neither way, merely waiting on facts and watching for the result of the clash of armies on the Sereth. The situation in this zone has not been helped very much yet by the attitude of Greece. The patience of the Allies having disappeared before the Delphine procrastinations of the Greek King, the mode of diplomacy took a peremptory turn. An ultimatum with forty-eight hours' grace was presented, and at the forty-seventh hour the Greek Royalists gave in. There are some suggestions that the Greek King was hoping for aid from the Germans, who have lately strengthened their Monastir front. Whether this is merely another rumour from the land where rumours grow thick will be proved by the



events (if any) on the Monastir front during the next month or so.

The East has given us two excellent little victories, to show that summer is there at least in the period under review. One of the events was in Mesopotamia, the other in Sinai, each, as it were, reciprocating the other. That on the Tigris was the advance of an Indian Division on the right bank of the river north-east of Kut, and the capture, in that advance, of a thousand yards of trenches and 162 prisoners. At the same time, the Sanna-i-Yat position on the left bank was bombarded and raided. The fight in which our Egyptian force took part was larger and greater in immediate result. The stroke is one that followed up the brilliant affairs of El Arish and Maghdaba, and is even more brilliant. In it the Anzac and the Camelry advanced thirty miles north-east of El Arish, broke through, and captured the strong enemy position at Rafa. Rafa is a town high up on the Egypt-Palestine frontier, near the coast, and, being important, it was guarded by six lines and a like number of redoubts, as well as a keep. Moreover, not only was this place entirely captured, but the Turkish relief force advancing from Shalal (sixteen miles east of Rafa) was located, met, and destroyed. Apart from the gains of ground, position, prisoners, and the like, the victory is excellent for reasons already

Rafa is right on the frontier—and, more, it is no more than a few miles removed from the main Turkish base at Beersheba. The victory is likely to cause the gravest disturbance in the hearts of Ottoman commanders; better, it is likely to tie down Turkish divisions that might go Europe-ward. The West has seen considerable and most vivid



RED CROSS AND GREEN CROSS NURSES IN PARIS: THE STAFF AT LA CHAPELLE STATION AT THE INAUGURATION OF SPECIAL IMPROVEMENTS PROVIDED BY AMERICAN FRIENDS.—[French Official Photograph.]

activity lately. Much of it has been gunnery work and trench-raiding, but some of the raids have been of full purpose. An excellent raid near Arras, in which our men went through three lines of enemy, appears to have struck real fear into the defence. Other raids have done more than that, and have

given us permanent possession of posts and ground on the Ancre and east of Beaumont Hamel. The French have shown much vivacity also; and, in a measure, the Germans have not been idle, though the string of raids and rushes they have attempted have proved unsuccessful, and at times very costly.

The Naval item of the week is a melancholy one. It concerns the sinking of the battle-ship *Cornwallis* by submarine in the Mediterranean. The *Cornwallis* was a 14,000-ton ship launched in 1901, and already before the war she had been relegated to the Third Fleet, so that her loss is, perhaps, not of primary importance. Fortunately, too, all her officers and men, except thirteen, have been saved. Another vessel, the sea-plane-carrier *Ben-my-Chree*, an

old Isle of Man packet, has been sunk by gun-fire in Kasteloryzo Harbour; Commander Samson, D.S.O., the pioneer of Navy flying, was her commander.

LONDON: JAN. 15, 1917.



SOME OF LONDON'S NEWEST WOMEN WAR-WORKERS: BAKERLOO TUBE RAILWAY WOMEN RECRUITS BEING INSTRUCTED IN THEIR DUTIES AT A STATION.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

noted in these pages. When El Arish fell, I pointed out how a force standing at that place must hold numbers of Turkish reserves on the Palestine frontier by the threat of their presence.

Brush



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PARIS: THE STAFF AT LA  
OF SPECIAL IMPROVEMENTS  
[French Official Photograph.]

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LONDON: JAN. 15, 1917.

## Brush and Bayonet: The Salon des Armées.



FROM THE FRONT TO THE TUILERIES: "A SENTRY," BY MONTAGNAC.

Apart from the fact that it is by a French soldier-artist at the Front, this vigorous and expressive work, with its strong contrasts of light and shade suggestive of a Rembrandt etching, would compel attention by its sheer force and virility. The figure of the sentry at the entrance of a trench, boldly silhouetted against a strong light, arrests attention, and the effect of the picture as a

whole is convincing as a transcript of life in the war area. Clever and impressionistic, it shares with other pictures in the Salon des Armées the quality of carrying conviction, and of having nothing petty in either its conception or execution. The Exhibition as a whole is a remarkable and worthy outcome of the Great War.—  
[French Official Photograph.]



# Brush and Bayonet: The Salon des Armées.



## FROM THE FRONT TO THE TUILERIES: WAR-PICTURES BY SOLDIER-ARTISTS, EXHIBITED IN PARIS.

The tumult and terror of war are not able to kill or quell the artistic spirit innate in our French Allies, and the walls of the Salon des Armées, in the Jeu de Paume, in the Tuileries Gardens, hold some three thousand drawings and paintings by men at the Front. Pathos and tragedy are present among the exhibits, but humour is not absent, and the Exhibition, as a whole, is a

reflex of the soldier's life. Our first photograph is a reproduction of Maurice Taquoy's "The Prisoners' Roll Call,"; our second, "German Prisoners," by the same artist. In neither is any grossness of caricature or bitterness of humour, or contempt. The men with shattered arm or bandaged head suggest the suffering wounded, and the picture is faithful to life.—[French Official Photographs.]

# Brush



## FROM THE FRONT TO

Among the remarkable collection by men at the Front, now being exhibited in the Tuileries—a veritable Salon des Armées—expressive drawing by Montagnac, seen crossing a bridge on the and their steadfast resolve speak



Jan. 17, 1917

Armées.



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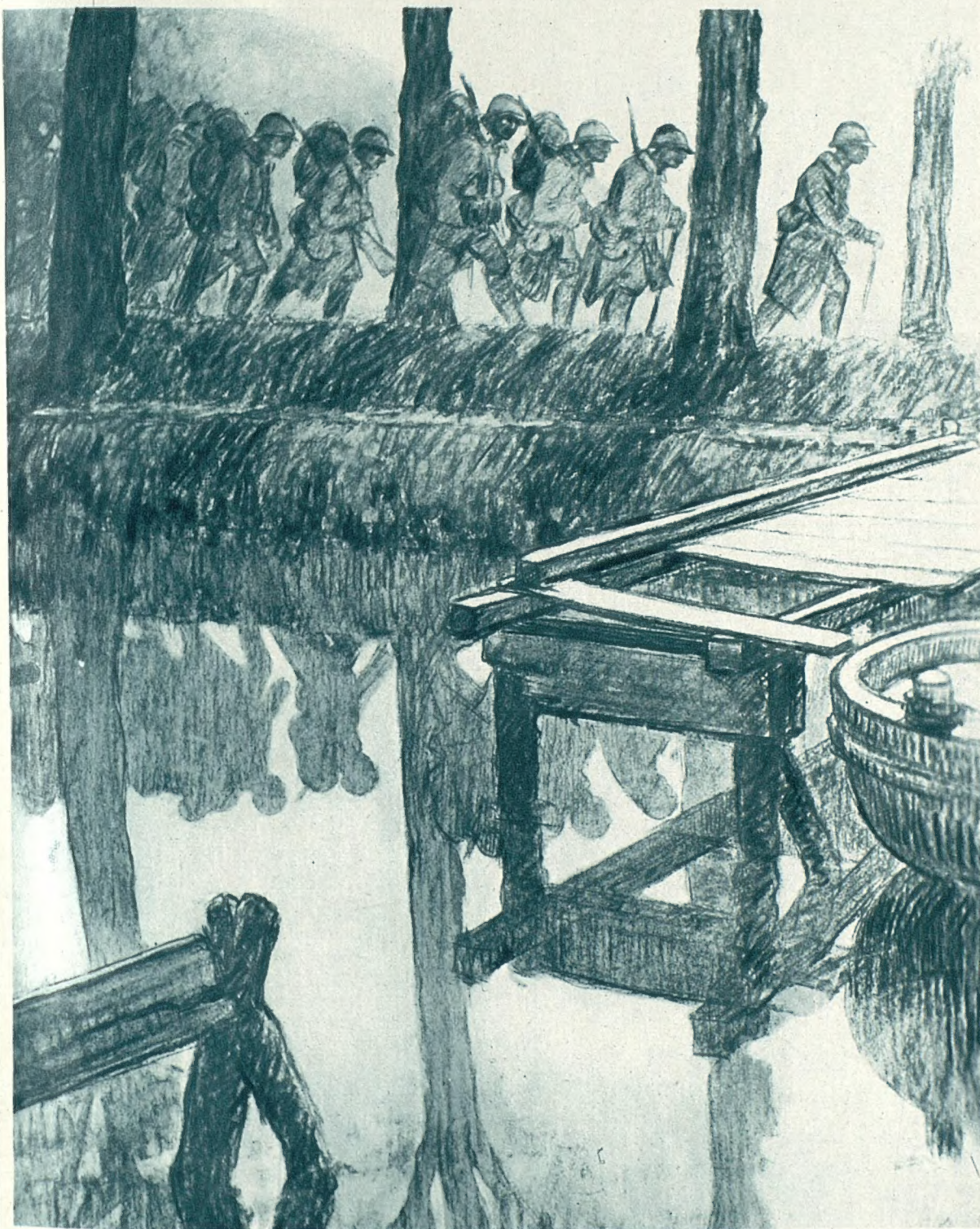
Jan. 17, 1917

THE ILLUSTRATED WAR NEWS.

[Part 32  
New Series]—7



# Brush and Bayonet: The Salon des Armées.



## FROM THE FRONT TO THE TUILERIES: "SOLDIERS ON THEIR WAY TO RELIEVE THEIR COMRADES."

Among the remarkable collection of pictures, in all sorts of media, by men at the Front, now being exhibited on the walls of the Tuileries—a veritable Salon des Armées—is the strong and impressive drawing by Montagnac, which we reproduce. The soldiers seen crossing a bridge are on their way to relieve their comrades, and their steadfast resolve speaks in their sturdy gait, which is

purposeful and expressive. The reflections in the stream and the woodwork of the bridge are treated with skill and vigour, and have a Whistlerian effect, as well as being entirely in keeping with the subject of the picture. The picture is impressive and suggestive in the highest degree, and in every respect a clever piece of work and a valuable souvenir of the war.—[French Official Photograph.]



## Shell-Shattered Churches; and a Strange Coincidence.



### ON THE BRITISH FRONT IN FRANCE: WRECKED CHURCHES; AND A CRUCIFIX THAT ESCAPED.

The churches of France and Belgium have suffered greatly from bombardment. Apart from the famous cathedrals, such as those of Rheims, Soissons, Ypres, or Arras, or large churches like those at Albert or St. Eloi, numerous village churches have been more or less wrecked by shell-fire. Mr. H. G. Wells, in describing the ruins of warfare as he saw them during his visit to the Western

Front, has said that he was more impressed with a sense of desolation by the sight of utterly obliterated villages than by the damage done to great historic monuments of architecture. Our photographs show examples of the effect of shell-fire on churches. The crucifix on the right in the lower one was untouched by the shells that struck the building.—[Official Photographs.]

## The G



### ON THE BRITISH FRONT

War develops its own particular type of face to face with death and suffering. Naturally, this humour helps to discover cause for laughter in objects of peace, were more likely to evoke British soldier is callous or unfeeling.



Jan. 17, 1917

THE ILLUSTRATED WAR NEWS.

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## Coincidence.



## CRUCIFIX THAT ESCAPED.

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Jan. 17, 1917

## The Grim Humour of War: British Examples.



## ON THE BRITISH FRONT IN FRANCE: AN "ADVERTISEMENT"; AND MEN JUST MISSED BY A SHELL.

War develops its own particular type of humour in men who live face to face with death and spend their time inflicting death on others. Naturally, this humour has an element of grimness. It discovers cause for laughter in objects and events which, in times of peace, were more likely to evoke horror or pity. Not that the British soldier is callous or unfeeling—far from it. He has merely

become accustomed to his surroundings and allowed his sense of humour to play upon things familiar to him. We see in the lower photograph (showing some men just missed by a shell) that he is just as ready to receive a German missile with a gibe and a jest as he is to send over his own to the enemy in a similar spirit, as illustrated in the upper subject.—[Official Photographs.]



## ROMANCES OF THE REGIMENTS: XXXII.—THE 60TH RIFLES.

## CRAUFORD AND THE CORPORAL.

GENERAL ROBERT CRAUFORD, himself of the 75th Regiment, came much in contact with the Rifles, and commanded that corps as part of his brigade in the Peninsula. But the association had begun in the ill-fated Buenos Ayres Expedition, an incident of which was recalled to Crauford's memory in a very curious way during the war in Spain.

One day Crauford, whose abrupt and strict ways made him unpopular with his subordinate officers, although he was universally liked by the rank and file, caught a corporal and a private, both riflemen, running out of a house with some bread which they had stolen. After the thieves ran a Spanish woman, crying, "Ladrone! Ladrone!" General Crauford and his orderly gave chase on horseback, caught the offenders, returned the bread, and sent the culprits to the guard-room.

Next day a Brigade Court-Martial sat to try the case. Both the accused were found guilty, and the corporal was sentenced to be reduced to the ranks and to receive one hundred and fifty lashes, while the private was to receive two hundred. The brigade was immediately formed

in hollow square beside a wood to witness punishment. The Brigade-Major read out the circumstances and the sentence, and thereupon General Crauford favoured the men with a stiff lecture on the enormity of pillaging the native

population. He gave the Rifles the severest part of the wiggling, and said, without exactitude, but in the sweeping way usual to him when he was excited, that that corps committed more crimes than all the rest of the British Army. "You think," he said, "that because you are riflemen, and therefore more exposed to the enemy's fire than other regiments, that you can rob the inhabitants with impunity; but, while I command you, you shall not." Then turning to the unhappy corporal, he roared "Strip, Sir!"

Now, a hundred and fifty with the cat, well laid on, was something to reflect upon. To some men it would be nearly a death sentence, but in those tough old days men often took more and survived. Miles, the corporal, prepared for his ordeal without a word; but, when he had been tied to a tree, he craned round his neck as far as he could and made one bid for mercy.

[Continued overleaf.]



A WOMAN WAR-WORKER AT HER JOB IN A GARAGE: FILLING UP THE PETROL-TANK OF A SOLDIER'S MOTOR-CYCLE.

Photograph by C.N.



ON THE BRITISH FRONT IN EGYPT: "THE DESERT COLUMN" (OFFICIAL STYLE), WHICH RECENTLY TOOK PART IN THE CAPTURE OF EL ARISH, ON THE MARCH ALONG THE CENTURIES-OLD CAMEL ROAD FROM EGYPT TO SYRIA.—[Photograph by C.N.]



## Divine Ser



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A unique structure, surely, is chapel in Lorraine. It has been a framework, to prevent German amidst the trees. As shown he of sapling timber. Looking from would see of the spire would be



## THE 60TH RIFLES.

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[Continued overleaf.]



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TORIES-OLD CAMEL ROAD FROM

Divine Service and German Airmen: On a french front.



BUILT WITH OPEN FRAMEWORK: AN "INVISIBLE" MILITARY CHAPEL.

A unique structure, surely, is this mid-forest French military chapel in Lorraine. It has been specially built as little more than a framework, to prevent German airmen discovering it as it nestles amidst the trees. As shown here, the bell is hung in a *flèche* of sapling timber. Looking from overhead, all the enemy airmen would see of the spire would be the small dark spot of the bell

itself, and that, indeed, might from a height pass for a large nest. The chancel is similarly framed and open on all sides, with just a light, thatched roof over chancel and altar. The pulpit, of similar make, is seen to the left, near the exterior rails, with a soldier seated on its rail. The soldier-congregation would be in the open, in the foreground of the illustration.—[French Official Photograph.]



"General Crauford," he said, "I hope you will forgive me."

"No, Sir; your crime is too great," Crauford replied, and continued to pace up and down the centre of the hollow square.

Meanwhile, the bugler on duty, having cleared the tails of the cat, stood waiting for the bugle-major's nod. It was delayed, however, for poor Miles spoke again to the General—

"Do you recollect, Sir, when you and I were taken prisoners, when under the command of General Whitelocke, at Buenos Ayres? We were marched with a number of others to a sort of pound surrounded by a wall. There was a well in the centre, out of which I drew water with my mess-tin by means of canteen-straps I collected from the men who were prisoners like myself. You sat on my knapsack; I parted my last biscuit with you. You then told me you would never forget my kindness to you. It is now in your power, Sir. You know how short we have been of rations for some time."

Miles spoke quietly and very respectfully. Everyone, including Crauford, was touched; but the General made no immediate reply. At the moment he had turned his head away from the culprit.

Seeing that the General gave no sign, the bugle-major nodded to the bugler, who did his duty. Down came the first lash on Miles's shoulders. At the sound, Crauford

he saved the face of discipline, and his own, rather neatly.

"What's that?" he roared. "What's that? Who taught that bugler to flog? Send him to drill—send him to drill! He cannot flog! Stop! Stop!"

The supposed inefficient tormentor being



ON THE BRITISH FRONT ON THE SOMME: A BATTALION WATER-CART, AND SOLDIERS WITH WATER-BOTTLES DRAWING SUPPLIES AT THE VILLAGE PUMP IN A DESTROYED VILLAGE.

*British Official Photograph.*

relieved of his abominable duty, Crauford conveniently forgot to appoint another in his place. Then, pointing to Miles, he cried, "Take him down! Take him down! I remember it well—I remember it well."

Crauford still continued to pace up and down the square, and added some words which the bystanders could not catch. At the same time, he had hard work blowing his nose and wiping his eyes, trying thereby to hide his emotion from the brigade. It was, however, obvious to the whole assembly, who liked him all the better for it. While they were untying the corporal, a dead silence fell on the troops, and the tense stillness lasted until Crauford had recovered his composure and his voice. Thereupon, in rather broken tones, he turned to Miles and remarked, "Why does a brave soldier like you commit these crimes?"

The General then beckoned to his orderly to bring up his horse, and, mounting, rode away. Miles was taken back to the guard-room, where he did not remain very long. As soon as the needful official steps could be taken, he was pardoned

and restored to his rank; and his companion in the peccadillo also found himself a free man with whole shoulders.



ON THE BRITISH FRONT ON THE SOMME: A ROYAL ENGINEER "DUMP" BESIDE A BATTLEFIELD ROAD, WITH A STORE CONVOY FROM THE REAR DISCHARGING A LOAD OF TRENCH AND CAMP EQUIPAGE.—[British Official Photograph.]

started and faced about. Then he broke into a characteristic torrent of apparent incoherences—not, however, without method. In fact,



fro



## CAMERA NOTI

Wherever our men may be and food-supply arrangements organised. Supplies reach the whether at the outposts in Upper or Lower Egypt, frontier, or while beyond the



Jan. 17, 1917

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he roared. "What's that?  
ler to flog? Send him to  
! He cannot flog! Stop!

efficient tormentor being



OMME: A BATTALION WATER-  
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## from the Egyptian and Mesopotamian fronts.



### CAMERA NOTES: THE FLOUR-TRAIN REACHING CAMP;—SECURING TURKISH PRISONERS.

Wherever our men may be stationed in Egypt, their provisioning and food-supply arrangements are, from all accounts, very efficiently organised. Supplies reach their destinations with notable regularity, whether at the outposts in the Nile Delta, in garrison or camp in Upper or Lower Egypt, or at desert stations, or along the frontier, or while beyond the frontiers on campaign. The Egyptian

railway system helps the distribution at certain larger centres, and the scene on the arrival of a train with flour is shown in the upper illustration. The lower, from Mesopotamia, shows how certain Turkish prisoners, before they start on the march through our lines to their detention quarters, are blindfolded and have their wrists tied.—[Photos. by Photopress and Topical.]





## Belgian Deportation Horrors: As Outrageous a Crime by German



FORCIBLY DRAGGED FROM THEIR FAMILIES; HUSTLED THROUGH THE STREETS BY SOLDIERS; LOCKED  
A further "slave-raid" *en masse*—fresh deportations of Belgians—is fixed for January 18, at Brussels, according to the  
"Echo de Belge." Inhuman cruelties are being inflicted on those already deported. Many of them are forced to labour on  
the railways in the portions of Northern France occupied by the enemy, herded at night in camps surrounded with barbed



INTO CATTLE-TRUCKS: A GERMAN  
wire, forbidden fires in their hutments  
muskets of the sentries over them. T  
of all classes are brutally hustled along to



s: As Outrageous a

# Crime by Germans as the World's History Records.



THE STREETS BY SOLDIERS; LOCKED  
January 18, at Brussels, according to the  
Many of them are forced to labour on  
at night in camps surrounded with barbed

## INTO CATTLE-TRUCKS: A GERMAN "SLAVE-RAID" IN PROGRESS IN BELGIUM—AT A RAILWAY STATION.

wire, forbidden fires in their hutments whatever the weather, starved or having to exist on camp offal, beaten and prodded by the  
muskets of the sentries over them. They have been imprisoned, or even shot down, where any protested or refused to work. Men  
of all classes are brutally hustled along to the station by soldiers with bayonets fixed, and locked into cattle-trucks.—*Drawn by L. Jonas.*



# The Advance of the Allies on the Monastir front.



## SNAPSHOTS: A MACEDONIAN BRIDGE, WRECKED BY BULGARIANS;—"JOSEPH" ON ARMY WORK.

The broken-down bridge seen in its wrecked condition in the upper illustration is one that the Bulgarians partially destroyed during their retreat from Monastir, beyond which place the Allied advance is being steadily carried out. The bridge is seen here as the advanced-guard troops of the Allies found it, following the road to the river which led across the bridge. From a military en-

gineering point of view, however, with its central piers left standing, the damage done to the structure was not more than could be tentatively repaired for the passage of infantry, at any rate, in a short time. In the lower illustration, a Macedonian sheep, passing by the name of "Joseph," annexed by our Allies, is seen as a war-worker on the Monastir front.—[French Official Photographs.]



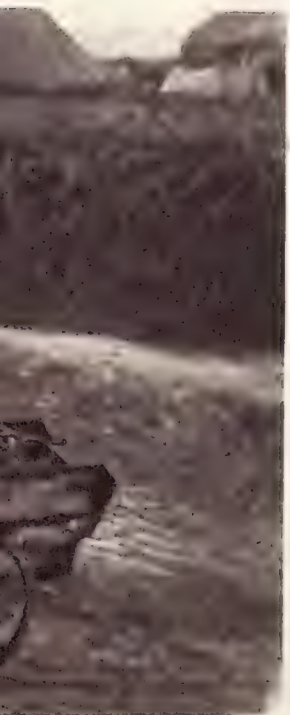
## COVER IN ALL W

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Jan. 17, 1917

tir front.



"PH" ON ARMY WORK.

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Jan. 17, 1917

THE ILLUSTRATED WAR NEWS.

[Part 32  
New Series]—17

## On the french front: Useful and Ingenious.



### COVER IN ALL WEATHERS: A FRENCH FIELD-TELEPHONE OPERATOR'S PORTABLE SHELTER.

For temporary purposes, where an hour or two's stay may be expected, or for use in cold winds or wet weather, French ingenuity has devised the efficient portable shelter for telephone-operators in the field, at work in the open, seen here. It completely shelters the man inside at the back and sides, and, when set up with the back to the wind or wet, keeps him protected and dry. The appa-

ratus, in shape not unlike the *tente d'abri* of the French Army, is collapsible, and, with the struts closed and the cross-battens disconnected, can be folded and easily carried. The lower transverse battens, as seen, offer a seat for the operator, who can keep his message-book or note-book hung up beside him while at work. comfortably settled inside.—[Photo. by C.N.]



# With the British fleet in the Eastern Mediterranean.



## RECEIVING RATIONS AT SEA: FLOUR-BAGS ON BOARD;—DIVIDING THE FRESH-MEAT MESS PORTIONS.

Hardly realised at home in England, perhaps, where, when we think of the Navy, the Grand Fleet comes almost exclusively into people's minds, quite a large British fleet is taking its part at sea in the Eastern Mediterranean. Since the withdrawal from the Dardanelles, the Levant squadrons have possibly been rather out of the limelight, so to speak. But to them, in conjunction with the

fleets of France and Italy, we owe the fact that an Allied army can be kept on the Balkan Front. The silent, irresistible pressure of the Greek coast blockade is entirely, of course, due to the fleets. Our illustrations show a ship's company receiving at sea its supplies of flour and fresh meat, kept up by means of auxiliary craft continually going to and fro.—[Photos. by S. and G.]

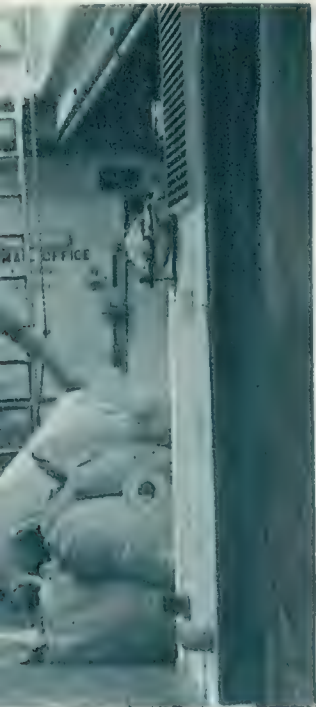


## THE FIRST C

As the daily Press has shown Portuguese Expeditionary Force officers in which, as shown above, following details from a cor. The Portuguese war-unif



Mediterranean.



FRESH-MEAT MESS PORTIONS.

we owe the fact that an Allied army Front. The silent, irresistible pressure is entirely, of course, due to the new a ship's company receiving at sea meat, kept by means of auxiliary and fro.—[Photos, by S. and G.]

## England's Oldest Ally Taking the field.



### THE FIRST CONTINGENT OF THE PORTUGUESE ARMY IN FRANCE: OFFICERS FRATERNISING.

As the daily Press has notified, the first contingent of the Portuguese Expeditionary Force has arrived in France. Our illustrations show Portuguese officers fraternising with French officers. Which is which, as shown above, will be easily made clear by the following details from a correspondent who has seen the new arrivals. The Portuguese war-uniform is similar in colour to the French,

"but with," as the correspondent notes, "a slight elusive grey tint in the blue-colour scheme. . . . Overcoats are of the British khaki pattern, and the cap is very similar to that worn by our troops, except that it is blue. . . . The kit and whole equipment of the Portuguese Expeditionary Force have been designed for service requirements on the Western Front."—[Photos, by C.N.]





## On the Western Egypt front: Transport Animals



**EXTREMES—THE BIGGEST AND THE SMALLEST: A LADEN CAMEL-TRANSPORT COLUMN STARTING OFF ACROSS THE DESERT; W**  
 Camels, mules, and donkeys are in normal times the pack-carrying animals of Egypt and the East generally. They are now being made use of in the same capacity for transport work with our armies in that quarter of the war-area. Part of a camel-transport convoy, with the animals laden and tethered together in strings, as customary, to follow one another in single file, is seen in the background above. It counts as *facile princeps* among the pack-animals, and can carry (between 300 lb and 500 lb).



Egypt front: Transport Animals Used in Campaigning.



CAMEL-TRANSPORT COLUMN STARTING OFF ACROSS THE DESERT; WITH, BY WAY OF CONTRAST, ONE OF OUR CAMP SERVICE DONKEYS.

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ummary, to follow one another in single file, is

seen in the background above. In the foreground, we have a camp service donkey with two of our men beside it. The camel  
counts as *facile princeps* among the baggage-train beasts of burden for desert campaigning, because of the large load that it can  
carry (between 300 lb and 500 lb., according to the size of the camel) and its powers of endurance.—[Photograph by Photopress.]



# The french front: The field Munitions-Supply Service.



## ON THE WAY TO THE GUNS: A LIGHT-RAILWAY TRAIN BRINGING UP SHELLS;—A SHELL STORE.

Day and night, a continuous traffic of railway trains is on the move all over Northern France, carrying munitions to the battle-area. Miles on miles of light railway tracks, radiating widely, have been specially constructed for keeping up the supply of shot and shell to the battle-line all along the front. They are worked for the most part independently of the main lines which existed

before the war, and have been extensively added to. These last are largely employed in carrying reinforcements of men and big guns. The light railways are told off to the munition and store-supply service. The upper illustration shows a train waiting on the line; the lower a shell depôt near the front, with each class of shell stacked separately under cover.—[Photos. by C.N.]

# After the W



## "THE REPUBLIC OF VICTORIA"

It is stated, although whether or not that the bust reproduced as an illustration to replace everywhere the present French public buildings. The bust of "Victory," and its sculptor is M. L. Crest the original national emblem of



Supply Service.



SHELLS;—A SHELL STORE.

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After the War: A Proposed National Emblem for France.



"THE REPUBLIC OF VICTORY": A BUST DESIGNED TO REPLACE THE PRESENT REPUBLICAN EFFIGY.

It is stated, although whether on official authority is not clear, that the bust reproduced as an illustration here is, after the war, to replace everywhere the present Republican effigies displayed on French public buildings. The bust is styled "The Republic of Victory," and its sculptor is M. L. Drivier. The helmet bears as crest the original national emblem of France, according to tradition,

the Gallic Cock. In all ages the Cock has been France's emblem. Only the *ipse dixit* of Napoleon placed the Eagle on the standards of the Grand Army instead of the Cock, as first proposed. "It only suggests a farmyard," was Napoleon's scornful comment. Under Louis Philippe the Cock topped the Army standards, and several regimental flags so adorned are at the Invalides.—[French Official Photo.]



# The British Officer at the front: A fine Type.



## ON THE BRITISH FRONT IN FRANCE: A BRIGADIER GIVING ORDERS; OFFICERS ARRANGING A RAID.

In his despatch on the Battle of the Somme, Sir Douglas Haig wrote in terms of the highest praise regarding the splendid results accomplished by officers and men who, for the most part, had had their first experience of war in that battle. In the upper photograph on this page a British Brigadier-General is seen giving his orders to a Colonel, in a street of a French town. The lower

photograph shows three British officers (two of them also appear above) engaged in conversation. They are planning a raid on the German trenches which, we are informed, was very successful. Trench-raids have been very frequent of late during the interval between big actions enforced by winter weather. A notable British raid took place recently near Arras.—[Official Photographs.]

# A Church



## ON THE BRITISH FRONT

There are many incongruous sights of war. One example of such incongruity is shown in the photograph, where the entrance to a churchyard is labelled "Borne of the dead used to keep material for the lower photograph are seen some



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CERS ARRANGING A RAID.

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## A Churchyard Bomb-Store; and a Mural Drawing.



### ON THE BRITISH FRONT IN FRANCE: A DUG-OUT UNDER A CHURCHYARD; AND A WORK OF ART.

There are many incongruous sights in a country which is the seat of war. One example of such incongruity is seen in the upper photograph, where the entrance to a dug-out constructed underneath a churchyard is labelled "Bomb Store"—a resting-place for the dead used to keep material for filling other graveyards. In the lower photograph are seen some men whose dug-out has been

excavated inside a shattered house. On the wall to the right is a specimen of the British soldier's artistic powers. The subject is a German officer who is apparently being propelled into action by the Prussian jack-boot, or it may be that the boot represents the Allies. In either case it is being applied to the German soldier in the traditional manner.—[Official Photographs.]



## FOOTNOTES TO ARMAGEDDON: XXIII.—THE OPTIMIST.

THE bearers took him to the end of the third of the lines outside the Field Post. As they put him down he was able, by turning his head, to see the size of the waiting crowd. He grinned pallidly.

"Where 's th' early door? Don't mind paying a tanner extra, reelly."

The bearers looked down upon him smiling; the

elder bent and straightened out a wrinkle in the canvas cover over his body. "Shore you won't 'ave a tablet?" he asked, producing the little canister of morphia. "Sheer waste," grinned the man on the stretcher. "'Sides, I don't want to go to sleep—not till I 'as to, ennyhow. Too early fer me arternoon syhesta."

"Well, I like yer spirit," said the bearer, and he went on his job.

A large "sitting-up" sniffed, as the bearer spoke.

"Oh, lor, 'ere's a blinkin' George Robey come erlong... it's easy fer some ter laugh."

The man on the stretcher switched his head round, so that he could look up at the sitting case. "Ullo, chum, wot are you so gay about? Somebody bin an' given yer storberry jam instead o' yer plum-an'-apple?"

"Huh!" muttered the sitting-up.

"It's easy fer some ter laugh."

"Shore?" asked the man on the ground.

"Well, you try, matey. You 'll find you 're the sort it 'urts."

"A eyeena," said the big man haughtily. "A larfin' eyeena, that 's wot 'e is. Thinks o' nothin'

but larfin' eyeenishly. Don't think o' other folk, 'e don't. Them wot 'as bad 'urts is to be larfed at."

"Oh, is you 'urt?" grinned the other. "I 'd a idea you 'ad been sent erlong 'ere by the Divisional C.O. just to cheer us up. You 'ave th' gay manner."

"Don't think o' other people in pain, 'e don't.

People sufferin' hagony an' corment..." "Oo touched you, an' where?" asked the man on the stretcher.

"Machine-gun," said the sitting up loftily. "Machine-gun wound, I am. Got me in the arm. Clean through the forearm. Most painful place, th' forearm. 'Urts—'urts crool. You don't seem ter

think o' wot it means to be really 'urt."

"I ain't on a stretcher fer love," said the cheery one. "Slight impediment in me walk, I

'as... but why worry, ole son? Think o' Blighty."

"Huh!" snorted the sitting-up. "It's orl right fer the cushy ones ter giggle. Wot 'appens ter me if I get poisoning, eh? Blood-poisoning—I harsk yer that? I dies... an' it's easy ter die. From the blinkin' pain in me arm—forearm, mind yer, right through—I

can feel the poison comin'..."

"Shore you ain't dead already, ole son?" asked the optimist. "Yer do sound a bit buried. I was goin' ter talk of the good time yer were goin' ter 'ave in Blighty—but that might make yer miserable."

[Continued overleaf.]



THE RUSSIAN ATTACK IN GALICIA TO RELIEVE THE PRESSURE OF THE ENEMY ON INVADIED ROUMANIA: AN INFANTRY PLATOON ADVANCING ACROSS THE SNOW UNDER FIRE.



THE RUSSIAN ATTACK IN GALICIA TO RELIEVE THE PRESSURE OF THE ENEMY ON INVADIED ROUMANIA: A MASSED FIELD BATTERY IN ACTION IN THE SNOW.



### ARTILLERY FIGHTING IN

The Russian "push" in Southern Roumanians by creating a diversionary general offensive on the Danube, regardless of the hard weather in Eastern Europe is—as in other parts—a difficult time of year for military



## THE OPTIMIST.

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[Continued overleaf.]

## The Russian Move to Help Roumania.



## ARTILLERY FIGHTING IN SNOW: BATTERY-COMMUNICATION BY SIGNAL-DISCS AND FIELD-TELEPHONE.

The Russian "push" in Southern Silesia, undertaken to assist the Roumanians by creating a diversion which would affect the German general offensive on the Danube, is being steadily proceeded with, regardless of the hard weather in that war-area. Mid-winter in Eastern Europe is—as in other parts of the Continent—the most difficult time of year for military movements on a large scale.

Snow blocks the passes, and everywhere retards field operations, even with hardy and experienced, winter-inured soldiers like the Russians. In the upper illustration, a signaller of a Russian field-artillery battery is seen signalling across the snow with parti-coloured signal-discs. In the lower illustration, battery field-telephonists are seen sending and taking in messages during an action.



"Easy fer a cushy case ter make light o' things. When yer 've got it thro' the forearm, like me!"

"You will be gay," cried wounded No. 1.

"You will show this improper mirth, ole son. Why don't yer think of serious an' 'oly things? Beds with sheets on, grub that don't come out o' er tin, 'ors-pital-ships where th' orderlies bring yer fags and seegars and long drinks as soon as yer wink? Why don't you think miserably about th' girls wot 'll make eyes at yer, 'cos yer a 'ero? The stinkin' ole streets? Gor', 'ow I ken smell 'em . . . 'ow I want ter! Why don't yer be rash an' think of these narsty things . . . 'stead of dwellin' on yer gay firin'-parties, and yer giddy ashes-ter-ashes?"

"Indecent, that's wot I considers it. Some fellers 'as no sense of wot is right an' wot isn't right. Just because they ain't in danger theirselves, they 'asn't a care—no, nor a thort—fer their anxious an' suffering feller 'umanity. Mark me words, young man, you 'll learn a bitter lesson one day . . . when you get it thro' th' arm same as me."

"Cheery-o! You 'll soon be 'avin' a rotten time, with pretty V.A.D.'s waitin' on yer 'and an' foot, an' chicken, and calves'-foot jelly, and Duchesses harskin' if yer piller's ter yer likin', or will yer 'ave a sand-bag."



ONE OF RUSSIA'S BEST FRIENDS AND AN INDISPENSABLE HELPER OF THE ALLIED CAUSE AT PETROGRAD: THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO RUSSIA, SIR GEORGE BUCHANAN. Sir George Buchanan has worked indefatigably in the cause of the Allies in Russia. He was mainly instrumental in bringing about the recent arrangement under which Constantinople and the Dardanelles become Russia's reward at the end of the war. He has received the exceptional honour of being elected, with the special assent of the Emperor, to the Freedom of Moscow.

Photograph by Reissert and Filleg.



INDIA AND THE BOY SCOUT MOVEMENT: AT A SPECIAL MUSTER OF THE FIRST TROOP OF BENGALI BOY SCOUTS AT CALCUTTA.

The patriotic spirit of an Indian barrister, Mr. B. C. Mitter, has led to the raising of a corps of 80 Bengali Boy Scouts in Calcutta, and others are being organised. Another Indian barrister, Mr. J. M. Ghosh, is Scoutmaster of the First Troop. The movement is influentially supported by native gentlemen in Bengal, and application has been made for affiliation with the "B.P." Scouts of Great Britain.—[Photograph by Dhani Ram.]

An M.O. was coming along the line. There was a congestion here, and he was weeding out the simple casualties. He came to the sitting-up. He looked at his arm.

"Nothing much the matter with you," he said. "That's what I call a comfortable and jolly little wound. You're in luck, my man. No danger, not much discomfort, and a comfortable time in Blighty—that's what that means."

He came to the man on the stretcher. The man on the stretcher grinned in a drawn and sweating fashion.

"Needn't worry abart me either, Sir. I'm comfort'bly fixed up too."

The M.O. looked at the label, and took the canvas sheet softly off the man. There was a terrible wound from the knees upward. The M.O. looked keenly at the sufferer.

"Sheer waste o' good medicine doing anything ter me, ain't it, Sir?" he laughed. "If yer 'd be so kind as to put me aside where I can see things go by—while I can—that's all I want, Sir."

As the M.O. stood up, he found the man's hand and pressed it. He said nothing. But as he went away he blew his nose, and he thought, "My God, how game some of these fellows die!"—W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.



from



#### WAR-EMERGENCY ME

The upper illustration is from Red Cross ambulance service. It has, from all accounts, proved demands as our Red Cross. An ambulance convoy is seen being fitted with very broad, c



Jan. 17, 1917

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THE FIRST TROOP OF BENGALI

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Jan. 17, 1917

THE ILLUSTRATED WAR NEWS.

[Part 32  
New Series]—28

## from Two fronts: Egypt and Northern France.



### WAR-EMERGENCY METHODS: AMBULANCES FITTED TO CROSS SOFT SAND;—A RAILHEAD "DUMP."

The upper illustration is from the Western Egypt frontier. The Red Cross ambulance service for the troops serving in that quarter has, from all accounts, proved itself as efficient in coping with all demands as our Red Cross service on the European war-fronts. An ambulance convoy is seen crossing the desert, the ambulances being fitted with very broad, cased-in wheels, and drawn by mule-

teams. The lower illustration shows a rail-head supply depot on the Western Front. The trains arrive, unpack their vans and trucks, and go back for the next load. Meanwhile the radiating lines of light railway, which concentrate at each main system rail-head, pick up the dumped stores and go off with them to the actual battle-front.—[Photos. (1) Photopress; (2) British Official.]



## Behind the Battle-Line: french Training Methods.



### AT AN INSTRUCTION CAMP: ARTILLERY "BARRAGE-FIRE" PRACTICE;—HAND-GRENADE PRACTICE.

French artillery recruits before going to the front are taught their business thoroughly in instruction camps, where, also, whole batteries are trained. All kinds of battlefield devices in artillery firing are practised; in particular, Curtain Fire and Barrage Fire, which have proved of such deadly efficacy on the Somme and Ancre fronts. The enemy in their trenches are either overwhelmed by

a continuous hail of shells, which "lifts" and moves forward in advance of the attacking infantry, or else are cut off by a barrier-belt of shells in rear. Equally thorough is the training of hand-grenade throwers. As the second illustration shows, they practise in specially built enclosures with front parapet and traverses at either side.—[French Official Photographs.]



### ON THE FRENCH FRONT

Bombing the Germans in the battles of a kind that appeals to the imagination. In the illustration, a party of the advanced fire-trenches, on the enemy "on their own." Or the reader—is watching the



## Methods.



## HAND-GRENADE PRACTICE.

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## Bombing the Boche: In a french Trench.



## ON THE FRENCH FRONT: WATCHING THE ENEMY'S TRENCH THROUGH A PERISCOPE BEFORE A THROW.

Bombing the Germans in their trenches offers attractions between  
battles of a kind that appeals to adventurous spirits among officers.  
In the illustration, a party of French officers are seen in one of  
the advanced fire-trenches, out to do a little bombing of the  
enemy "on their own." One of the officers—the one nearest  
the reader—is watching the opposite trench through a trench-

periscope, to get the exact whereabouts of his quarry before  
launching his hand-grenade. In his right hand he holds his  
bomb, ready for the fling. A little beyond, other officers are seen  
with their bombs also ready, taking their time from the officer  
with the periscope, and prepared to throw their grenades at the  
same moment.—[French Official Photograph.]





## The War's Toll on the forest Lands



### SETTING UP A SAW-MILL STATION: BUILDING SAW-MILL SHEDS IN A CLEARING

All over the Northern Hemisphere, in many countries, thousands of men are being employed in cutting down timber for conversion to the needs of the armies of the Allies. Apart from what is being done in more distant lands, in England and Scotland whole woods are being felled; and much the same is taking place in parts of France. Preliminary work in forming

## of Europe: Tim



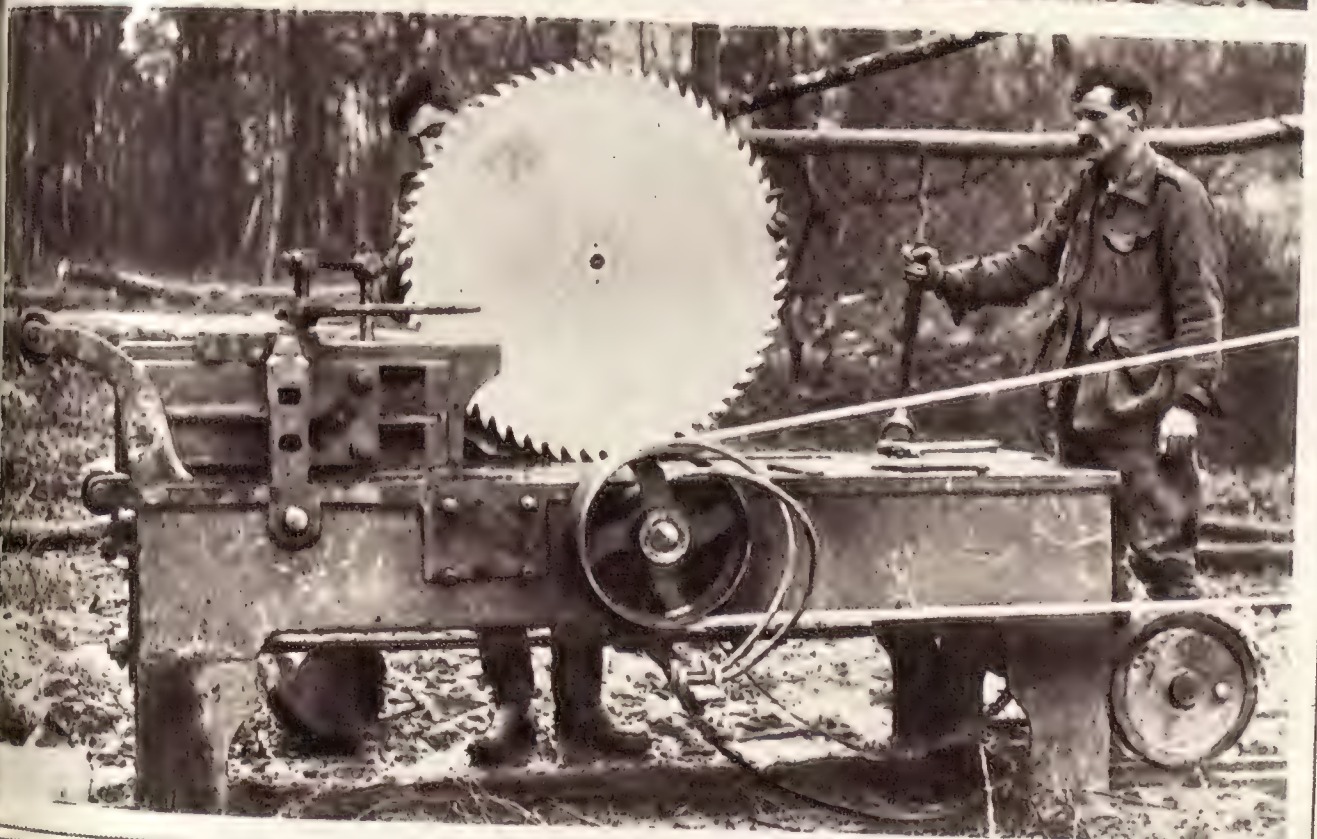
### LAYING A LIGHT RAILWAY TO BR

one of the wood-felling stations is illustrated in a woodland clearing where the mill is being built. The light railway track to the saw-mill. The



on the forest lands

# of Europe: Timber-Cutting in France.



NG SAW-MILL SHEDS IN A CLEARING;  
employed in cutting down timber for con-  
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LAYING A LIGHT RAILWAY TO BRING UP TIMBER; ADJUSTING A SAW.

one of the wood-felling stations is illustrated above. The first illustration shows the structure of saw-mill sheds being put together in a woodland clearing where the mill is being built. The second shows the timber-supply system being prepared—laying down a light railway track to the saw-mill. The third illustration shows a circular saw being got ready.—[Official Photographs.]



## WOMEN AND THE WAR.

FOR months British people, and especially the British women, have been spending money and time sending out parcels of food and clothing in the hopes of lightening the dreary lot of Tom or Dick or Harry condemned to pass his days in the cheerless surroundings of a German camp for prisoners of war. More than that, generous-hearted ones with neither Tom nor Dick nor Harry to care for, have "adopted" prisoners.

And now the Government has stepped in and changed things, and the Central (Prisoners of War) Committee is the best-abused institution in the United Kingdom, because, in its common-sense official way, it sets more value on the satisfaction of a prisoner's physical appetite than on the sentiment that inspires the sending of a piece of "fat bacon because I know Tom loves it," or "sticky gingerbread because Harry likes it at night." That, at least, is the attitude of people who view the whole of the recently devised scheme for providing all our prisoners of war (with the exception of officers) with food as merely an arbitrary act especially designed to deprive them of the pleasure of feeding absent friends.

That, of course, is very far indeed from being the truth. Man

cannot live on affection alone, and there's no doubt that the thought that prompted the sending

of a parcel, and the note announcing its despatch, was in many cases the only evidence the prisoner received of bulky packages of food stuffs chosen by affectionate friends at home. Generally the tragedy was not due to Hun greed, but to the want of foresight displayed by the senders, whose imagination was unequal to the effort of visualising the conditions of transit, and who were often led by carelessness or enthusiasm to include "prohibited" articles.

There were other considerations. Human nature being frail, it happened that some of the "lonely" ones managed to "corner" sufficient sympathy to secure fifty or sixty parcels a week for themselves, the contents of which they sold to their less fortunate comrades who, whether from modesty or a lack of friends, never had any parcels at all. Finally, even the Hun

was shocked, and declined to deliver any parcels except to prisoners bearing the name of the sender. Then, too, national interests had to be considered. The haphazard sending of parcels to prisoners of war—over a thousand associations existed for the purpose—opened a way for abuses, which quickly crept in: Alien spies and enemies used the parcels to prisoners as a method of conveying information to the enemy. Finally, the Central Committee, of which Sir

[Continued overleaf]



PIGS IN CLOVER: A MOTOR PIONEER'S ASSISTANT.

Recognising the national importance of the food supply, Mr. S. F. Edge, the well-known motor expert, is breeding prize pigs and pigs for slaughter, at his beautiful home in Sussex. His stock of eight hundred or more is chiefly made up of Black Berkshires. They are allowed to range through the woods instead of being penned in sties, and the system is proving very successful. Our photograph shows his assistant, Miss Martin, with a prize boar.

Photograph by L.N.A.



A PEERESS AND HER WOUNDED GUESTS: LADY ORMONDE "MARKS."

The Marchioness of Ormonde is working assiduously as a nurse in her hospital for soldiers with facial injuries, in Upper Brook Street, and takes part in their recreations, as seen in our photograph, where the Marchioness is "marking" while some of the inmates are playing billiards.—[Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.]



WITH INMATES AND

Queen Augusta Victoria of Prussia and his mother, Queen Amelia. Her care and sympathetic consideration for the war, has now taken up duties at Shepherd's Bush, and, like other ladies, is helping in the beneficent



# WAR.

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[Continued overleaf.]

## A Royal Nurse and Some of Her Patients.



### WITH INMATES AND MEMBERS OF HER WARD: QUEEN AUGUSTA VICTORIA OF PORTUGAL.

Queen Augusta Victoria of Portugal, who, with the young King and his mother, Queen Amelia, has displayed the most anxious care and sympathetic consideration for the wounded during the war, has now taken up duties in the Orthopaedic Hospital, Shepherd's Bush, and, like so many other royal and noble ladies, is helping in the beneficent work of mitigating the sufferings

of men wounded in the Great War. Our first photograph shows the young Queen, who is a Lady of the Order of St. Elizabeth, in her ward in the hospital, wearing the uniform of the Red Cross, and surrounded by inmates and members of the ward. Photograph No. 2 shows her Majesty practising bandaging; and in No. 3 the Queen is again seen.—[Photos. by News Illustrations.]



Starr Jameson is Chairman, was formed, with its offices at 4, Thurloe Place, London, S.W., with the object of co-ordinating and centralising the business of feeding our hungry men in Germany. It is true that the system adopted does, to some extent, eliminate the personal note, but it also ensures that food is despatched to every single



ONE MORE VOCATION FOR WOMEN: THE WOMAN BAKER AT WORK.

The "bakeresses" are seen in our photograph carrying a batch to the shop.  
Photograph by Alfieri.

man, each of whom would, I fancy, vote for a parcel of eatables properly packed and scientifically selected that arrived regularly, in preference to spasmodic, sentimentally inspired ones, any hungry day of the week.

In the organisation at Thurloe Place, women play an immensely important, if not the most important part. The packing of the parcels on which the life and health of our men depend lies in their hands. Every day some three hundred of them devote many hours to the business of sorting the items, and packing and labelling them ready for despatch. Some work the addressograph that stencils the address on the specially designed labels; others sit at the long tables in the packing-rooms packing box after box with the foods selected by a War Office and American expert. At another the workers tuck the address label into the side of the parcel, and insert a card with printed questions asking the prisoner whether the parcels arrive regularly, and whether a change of contents is desired. When the food-packers have done their job, others check the contents, settle them into position and tie them up neatly. Each worker who finally fastens the box marks it with her number, so that in case of defects the parcel is returned to her by the final checking department. Lastly, the boxes are sent down a slide to the despatch-room, overhauled,

passed, and transferred to the vans *en route* for Germany.

Under the new scheme *each* man receives 30 lb. of food per fortnight, packed in three parcels, together with 14 lb. of bread sent from Berne or Copenhagen. Private generosity can step in to the extent of sending through the Central Committee, the Regimental Care Committee, and certain recognised associations, "luxury" parcels, provided the amount received by any one man does not exceed 60 lb. a fortnight. The personal element is not altogether eliminated, for individuals may "adopt" prisoners—a bureau exists for the purpose at Thurloe Place—and will be given a post-card to be sent to the prisoner adopted, telling him to expect the parcel subscribed. This "adoption" costs £2 3s. 6d. a month, though no one is obliged to "adopt" a man entirely. There is another point. Special invalid parcels can be sent to prisoners in Turkey, with food specially adapted to climatic conditions.

One other point needs emphasising.

In the sense that it is recognised by the Government, and is a sort of branch of the Censor's Department, the Central Committee is an official institution. But the entire expenses of the



WOMEN BAKERS: DRAWING A BATCH OF BREAD FROM THE OVEN.  
Mr. W. J. Barton, of Forest Gate, is well content with his experiment of replacing his male staff, with the exception of two, by women.—[Photograph by Alfieri.]

undertaking are borne by the British Red Cross Society and the Regimental Care Committee, except where "adopters" defray the amount.

Any visitor who saw the pitiful remnants of private parcels that come to Thurloe Place to be repacked and censored would be convinced of the necessity of the new scheme. CLAUDINE CLEVE.



London



#### WAR LOAN SCENES:

The Guildhall was crowded at 11 when Mr. Bonar Law, as Chancellor, announced the terms of the new War Loan. His first public speech as Premier. The rain was deep, stretched along Gresham and drizzling rain failed to d



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## London's Enthusiasm for the Great War Loan.



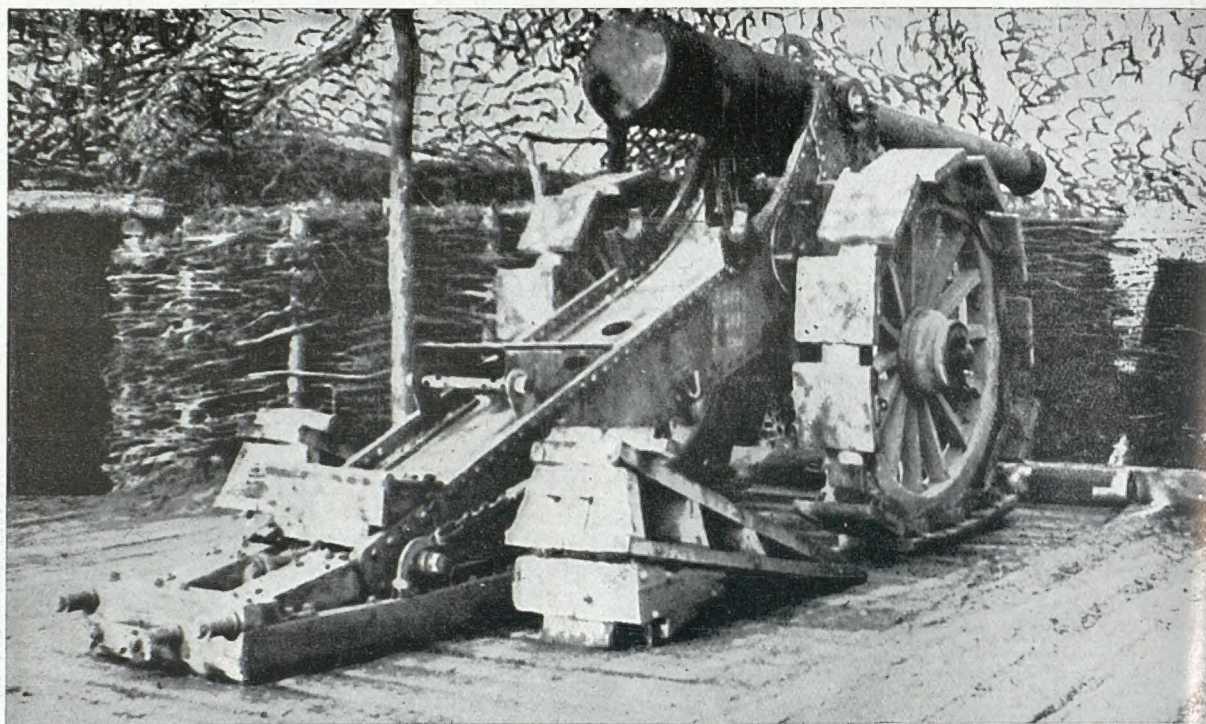
### WAR LOAN SCENES: THE QUEUE FOR THE GUILDHALL; EARLY APPLICANTS WITH PROSPECTUSES.

The Guildhall was crowded at the historic meeting on January 11 when Mr. Bonar Law, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, announced the terms of the new War Loan, and Mr. Lloyd George made his first public speech as Premier. The queue of waiting people, six deep, stretched along Gresham Street to Basinghall Street. Cold and drizzling rain failed to damp their enthusiasm. Some 500

did not obtain admission, but standing room was found for men in khaki and some women. The lower photograph shows the doors of the Bank of England War Loan offices next morning, and early applicants leaving with their prospectuses. So many were waiting at the Bank's new temporary offices that the doors were opened early.—[Photos. by Spori and General and Topical.]



# On the french front—in Two Sectors.



## A GUN LYING IN WAIT "SOMEWHERE"—A SOLDIER'S CHAPEL AND CRUCIFIX IN THE VOSGES.

Not yet, as the enemy will learn before long, has France brought into action her entire artillery effective strength—all the big guns that are available and are ready in the battle-area. Numerous trump cards, so to speak, are still being kept in hand. One of these is shown in the upper illustration, in the form of a big gun of long-range and hard-hitting capacity which is in position

"somewhere" at the front, in waiting for events yet to come and its own allotted part. There are others also waiting. The improvised forest chapel seen in the lower illustration is on the Vosges front, and was built by the soldiers. The crucifix seen set up in front was brought from the Church of Amfersbach, a small place not far from Münster.—[French Official Photographs.]

# Manag



## MISS BORTHWICK'S S

The management of a motor car by a staff of women experts, with motor-cars, etc., is a useful which the Hon. Gabrielle Borthwick, Baron Borthwick, has undertaken and all matters connected with



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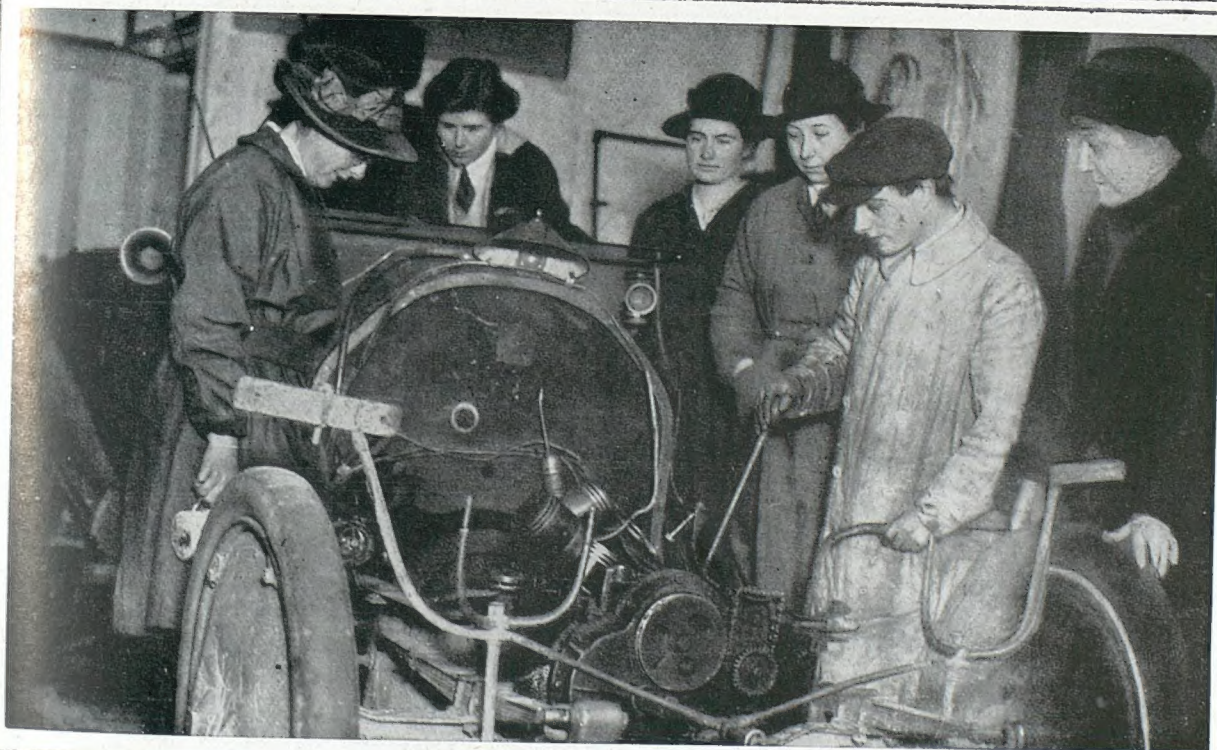


# CRUCIFIX IN THE VOSGES.

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[French Official Photographs.]

## Managed and Run by Women: Practical War-Work.



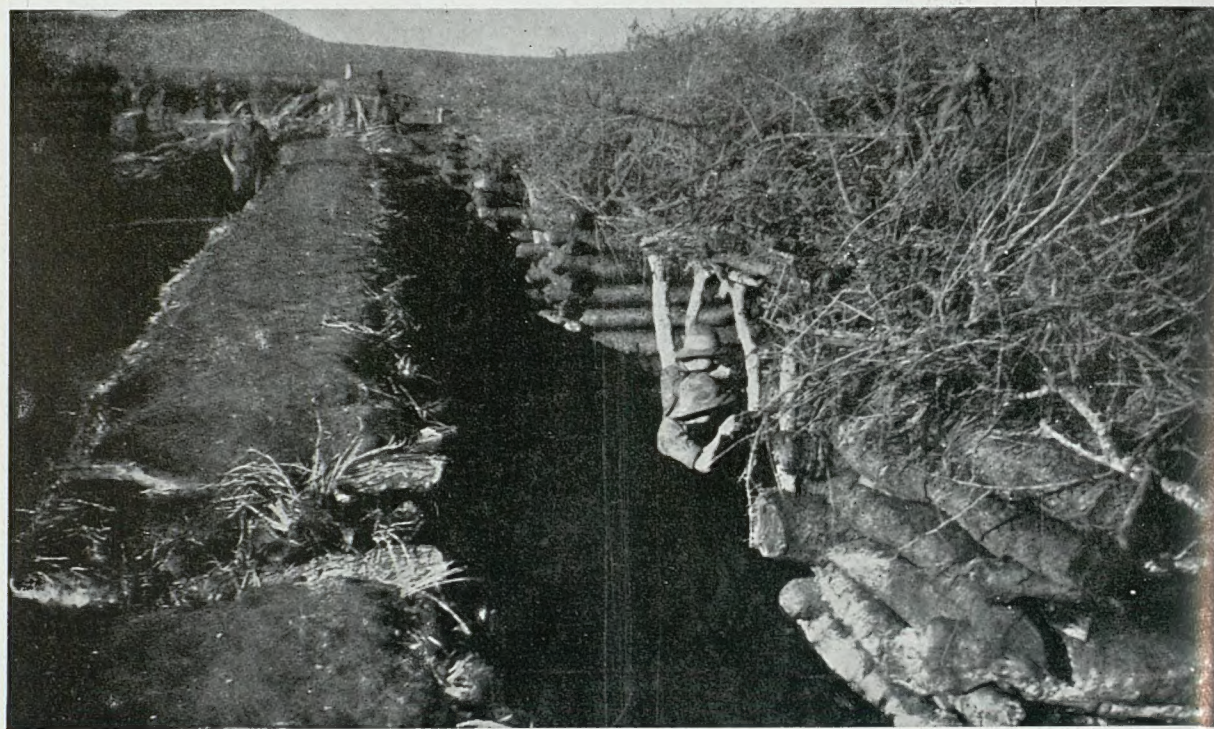
### MISS BORTHWICK'S SCHOOL FOR MOTORISTS: STARTING THE WORKSHOP ENGINES;—A STIFF JOB.

The management of a motoring school for women, run entirely by a staff of women experts, and dealing with everything to do with motor-cars, etc., is a useful and practical form of war-work which the Hon. Gabrielle Borthwick, daughter of the sixteenth Baron Borthwick, has undertaken. The tuition is very thorough, and all matters connected with motoring come within the training,

which includes lectures on motoring to the students. In the upper illustration Miss Borthwick is seen on arrival at the school starting up the workshop oil-engines herself, a detail suggestive of the personal attention paid to business. In the lower illustration the Principal is consulting with some of the staff and pupils as to a difficult repairing job.—[Photos. by Photopress.]



## The War in East Africa and in France.



### CAMERA NOTES: A BRITISH TRENCH IN EAST AFRICA;—STRETCHER-BEARERS ON THE SOMME.

At first sight the dark, cavernous-looking corner seen in the upper illustration, might almost be taken for a subterranean entrance to some ill-famed robber's castle in pantomime, or the approach to some evil beast or dragon's lair. It is, as a fact, part of a British trench-line in the depths of a tropical forest in German East Africa. The trenches in places wind about deep in the

dark shadows of the heavy-foliaged trees, and are excavated between a tangle of roots and giant trunks at various levels, being connected by tortuous and narrow steps. In the lower illustration we are on the edge of a battlefield on the Somme front, and see a Red Cross stretcher-bearer party as equipped for starting out to pick up wounded.—[Photos. (1) by Photopress; (2) British Official.]

# The

"A GOOD 'UN—H"